Emmet is Being Haunted by Time Traveling Scientific Diagrams

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41430048.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
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Category:
Gen

Fandoms:
Pocket Monsters | Pokemon - All Media Types, Pocket Monsters | Pokemon (Main Video Game Series), Pocket Monsters: Black & White | Pokemon Black and White Versions, Pocket Monsters: Black 2 & White 2 | Pokemon Black 2 & White 2 Versions, Pokemon Legends: Arceus (Video Game)

Relationships:
Kudari | Emmet & Shou | Akari, Kudari | Emmet & Nobori | Ingo, Kamitsure | Elesa & Kudari | Emmet, Nobori | Ingo & Shou | Akari, Kamitsure | Elesa & Kudari | Emmet & Nobori | Ingo

Characters:
Kudari | Emmet, Shou | Akari, Kamitsure | Elesa, Nobori | Ingo, Nobori no Chandela | Ingo's Chandelure, Queen Ohnyula | Lady Sneasler (Pokemon Legends: Arceus)

Additional Tags:
No Incest, Hurt/Comfort, no beta we die like ingo's memories, Found Family, Nimbasa Trio, everyone is autistic, that's just how it is, Reunions, Oneshot, AU, Crack Treated Seriously, Platonic Relationships, Art, dad ingo, Uncle Emmet, Light Angst, Supernatural Elements, Emmet's very weird year, Akari is not Dawn

Language:
English

Series:
Part 3 of Found Family (from Hisui to Nimbasa)

Stats:
Published: 2022-09-01 Words: 5,093 Chapters: 1/1

Emmet is Being Haunted by Time Traveling Scientific Diagrams

by Bluegamergirl11

Summary

Emmet's brother has been missing for three years. It's been hard, but he's coping okay.
And then drawings start showing up on his paperwork.

(Can be read as a standalone)

Notes

Hi! If you're new here, then you can just go ahead with the story, honestly you aren't really missing any important context.
(Chapter 2 is the most relevant though)
If you're coming back from the Finding Family series on the other hand… well, this is an AU of that!
There's only three main differences, that being the obvious one, the reunion, and the language barrier. In 'Finding Family' the language barrier didn't really add anything, and would mostly just get in the way so I never bothered with it. This story actually uses it so… Anyway, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Emmet didn't realize what was happening at first. It had started simple enough, a little doodle of a bidoof on one of Furze's incident reports. It wasn't the first time Furze had drawn on his paperwork, and certainly wouldn't be the last.

Although… the Kantoen next to the bidoof was certainly new. Emmet wasn't aware Furze spoke Kantoen, maybe he should ask about it tomorrow at work? That would count as socializing right? Elesa had been begging him to get out there and talk to more people- she would be proud of him!

He hadn't needed to before

Furze did not speak Kantoen. In fact, he swore up and down that he didn't draw the bidoof either.

He insisted that he would have never- that if he was going to get in trouble for drawing on paperwork he would rather it be for drawing something cool, like a hydreigon or trains.

Emmet had agreed, trains were always worth it- but that didn't mean he believed that Furze didn't draw the bidoof. It was *his* paperwork, who else would draw on it? A ghost? Yeah right.

Ingo always had a fondness for ghost types

Emmet had started to think it was a ghost.

Why a specter would break into his house to draw crude shinx and wurmples was beyond him, but he couldn't think of what else it could be.

He had asked Freight if any spirits had been visiting, but the chandelure assured him that they were just as ghost free as always.

Maybe Elesa had been messing with him? Or he was sleep walking? But…. Neither of them knew Kantoen. At least not in its written form. Maybe he should translate it- find a new hobby like his therapist had suggested.

Their work was their hobby, why would they want more?

The translations did not reveal much. Mostly they were labeling which

Pokémon was drawn as well as its typing. Some went into a bit more detail, labeling certain parts of the Pokémon or describing behavior, but it wasn't anything Emmet didn't already know. Sure, most of them weren't native to Unova (they were all Sinnoh Pokémon for some reason), but Emmet wasn't a subway boss for nothing! He had *every* Pokémon memorized, from their type matchups to their basic stats. It was hard to catch someone like him off guard!

Ingo always could

The mystery doodler had started making up Pokémon. It was labeled 'Wyrdeer' and it sort of looked like a fluffy stantler. The dialogue about it was charming, it had a whole backstory where it was a grand noble Pokémon and had a trainer named Mai. It also apparently gave the doodler a brick? That didn't really make sense to Emmet, but it was the best translation he could find.

lngo would have found their made up Pokémon delightful

He'd started leaving blank sheets of printer paper around his house.

The drawings were going to keep showing up regardless of what he did (he didn't want them to stop), but drawing on paperwork was verrrrrrry unprofessional yup! Thankfully, his ghostly friend would always take blank sheets of paper over used ones, thus the scattered printer paper. Elesa had asked about it, the last time she came over. He just told her it was for anyone who wanted to use it. She seemed unconvinced.

He missed Ingo

His ghostly friend had gotten so much better at drawing! Their sketches were getting much more detailed, more accurate, and better labeled. It felt a bit like they were trying to challenge Emmet as well, their words getting longer and more scientific with each picture. They had made up more Pokémon as well, dabbling into regional forms (calling them 'Hisuian' forms. Was Hisui the name of his spectral friend?) such as a lilligant that was fighting type or a sliggoo with a shell. Emmet was so proud of them!

Freight insisted there were no ghosts in the house. But what else could it even be?

It was a bad day.

Emmet woke up and he was alone.

He was always alone.

It had been so long.

He missed Ingo.

He-

There were no more blank papers.

They had filled them all.

Now he had 47 ralts sketches. (he counted)

Each was different.

They were all verrrrry cute.

He felt a little bit better.

Some days were harder than others

He had a name for them now!

They (no, *she*) had drawn him several portraits of people she knew, including herself! It said her name was Akari, which Emmet thought was sweet.

He wrote her a note, telling her how much he liked her art, but he wasn't sure if she got it. He liked to think she did.

Ingo no longer answered his messages either

He started to suspect that he was not supposed to be receiving the drawings.

Akari seemed to be making a Pokédex of some sorts, and Emmet didn't think she was actually drawing on his papers. He filmed it one night, and they just popped into existence, no work necessary. Plus, a lot of her drawings included notes to a 'Laventon' (she had drawn him before as well, a jolly man in a lab coat and a stupid hat) who seems to be reviewing her pokedex. It was a little disappointing to find out

that he didn't have a guardian angel of some sorts, but at least he believed Freight now when she would tell him there are no ghosts.

Still though, why was this happening? If he didn't figure it out then he won't be able to fix it if it stops.

He didn't want to lose anyone else

He was a little worried about Akari.

She seemed… stressed.

A lot of her pokedex entries detail how a Pokémon can hurt you. She started drawing scars.

At least she had her Pokémon. Every drawing of Justice her Kirlia and Cinders her quilava had him smiling from ear to ear. She really loved her Pokémon. Emmet wanted to give her a hug, he felt like she needed one.

He needed a hug too. Maybe he should invite Elesa over

She drew a little drawing of a train!! A tiny little steam engine, sitting on the header of his journal. It was so precious and nothing like what she normally drew that he could almost pretend that it was for him.

He ripped the doodle from the book, for once not caring for the destruction of property. Such a lovely drawing deserved some place much better than a diary of grief.

Just because his therapist had been right about it being a good exercise for him, didn't mean he had to LIKE the thing

Another made up Pokémon, this one called Sneasler? He was not sure why she was including pictures of her made up Pokémon with the rest of them (even if they were verrrrrry creative. A Pokémon monarchy was adorable) but maybe it was to break up the grind. Harder to get burned out if you switch things up!

It said that Sneasler's trainer is named Ingo. Emmet tried not to think about it too hard. His brother wasn't the only person named Ingo in the world after all

Akari's Pokémon had both reached their final destination and had fully evolved! Justice looked just as he expected but Cinders…

Cinders was part ghost now? Typhlosion were pure fire types, Emmet was pretty sure. He checked online anyway.

Apparently there… used to be a ghost type variant… in Sinnoh…. hundreds of years ago. It looked accurate too, in fact some of the drawings he found online-

Emmet halted that train of thought. He was not sure he liked where it led.

He didn't want someone else he cared for to be dead

Akari had been drawing more trains for him! As well as the Gear Station logo! It was nice to see confirmation that she was not long dead hundreds of years in the past. After all, Gear Station was only founded fifty years ago!

She must have figured out how to evolve her quilava into the Sinnoh variant. He was not surprised at all, she is quite the clever girl after all!

Emmet was going to go meet her when she published her work. He'd need to be able to speak Kantoen fluently if he wanted to ask her all of his questions about her pokedex!

Ingo would be so jealous when he found out Emmet spoke more languages then him now!

She started drawing sneasels quite a bit. It was the cute poison type form she made up, and she'd drawn 24 already. (Still nowhere near her ralts numbers, but it was climbing rapidly)

He wondered why she's gotten so attached to this design in particular- maybe she liked sneasels a lot but couldn't catch one? That's what happened with the ralts after all.

She'd also been making up more backstory for her Ingo character. Emmet tried his best to skip those parts

There was a sudden jump in art quality.

It wasn't dramatic per say, but he'd been watching Akari grow as an artist for over four months. He knew what her normal improvement rate looked like, and that was not it.

There were obviously pictures he wasn't getting, a lot of them, and the thought scared him. At least she seemed to be in a snowy area now, so maybe she could catch a sneasel and add it to her team. She deserved it.

Maybe she'd draw less poisonous sneasels. They were cute, but his heart couldn't take the constant mentions of an Ingo

Akari got herself a new team member- but it wasn't a sneasel.

It was… a zorua? But a regional form.

There weren't zorua in Sinnoh, and even if there were, they certainly wouldn't be whispy white ghost types.

Maybe…. maybe it wasn't actually a team member of hers? But she wrote about it and drew it the same way she did for her Typhlosion and Gardivor.

Maybe he needed to look up zorua's in Sinnoh?

He was scared of what he would find

Popsicle was adorable, so long as Emmet ignored the dread worming through his thoughts.

She was a baby apparently, which was why she was raising her instead of doing… whatever it was that she did with the Pokémon she caught for research. Emmet loved baby Pokémon, and he wished he could give her advice. She was doing well enough on her own of course, her notes were detailed and impeccable, but he still wished he could give her guidance.

At least she'd been getting advice from-

Her Ingo was made up, the sneasels were made up. But maybe he wasn't? Maybe he had a weavile and she was distorting the truth? But WHY??

He looked up Hisuian Zorua.

He wished he hadn't

Elesa came over the second day he took off work, checking on his well-being. Emmet appreciated the gesture, even if he couldn't explain what sent him on a spiral.

Would she even believe him?

They watched bad movies and stayed up far too late, Elesa falling asleep on his couch after the sixth one. It helped having someone in his apartment during spirals like those, he couldn't stand being alone.

What would he do without her?

He closed the webpage as soon as he saw Akari's drawings. He couldn't look up more- he didn't want to know how she died.

Emmet decided that his obsession wasn't healthy any more. He collected all of the drawings around the apartment, fully intending to stuff them in a box somewhere and never look back. He wasn't sure how he'd handle when the new ones would come, but he was sure he'd figure something out.

Then he found the train pictures again.

The pile that had-

That had-

He stuffed them deep into the box. He shouldn't think about it.

Why was there a Gear station logo 300 years in the past? Why did it show up when she started drawing the sneas-

The drawings kept coming.

They refused to show up on the printer paper he set aside in his spare room- instead appearing on the paperwork again.

He didn't want to see it, he didn't want more reminders, he couldn't-

Maybe it really was a ghost.

He just wished he didn't know her face

Something was wrong.

He'd been trying to ignore them, to shove them away whenever he found them, but he still had to *look* at them to get rid of them.

That's how he noticed the difference.

Akari drew to calm herself. She drew the things that frustrated her to blow off steam, drew things she liked to encourage herself, and drew things that frightened her to make them less scary. Emmet knew this because she'd said as much, her little notes next to each drawing giving great insight into how she was feeling. But even then, he could see it in her pen-strokes- the airy flow of a doodle for fun, the rigid lines crafting the likeness of whatever has frustrated her…

And the shaking hands of a fearful girl, desperately drawing her favorite Pokémon in order to keep herself together.

Little extinct zorua littered his office, each with no detail, no variety. She was not drawing to document, she was drawing to *survive.*

It worried Emmet.

What was happening? Was she okay? Was this how she-

He'd given up on getting rid of the drawings.

Taking another day off work, he ended up sitting on the floor of his living room- surrounded on all sides by printer paper.

They were blank.

They were all blank

It was almost midnight when a new drawing turned up.

It wasn't a panicked doodle this time though. No, it was one of her good, professional drawings… and it was a Pokémon he'd never seen before.

He could read most of it on his own, but he grabbed his translation guide anyway, hoping to get some insight into what had happened to her.

Apparently it was Palkia- but it looked nothing like the pictures

Emmet had seen.

Akari said it tried to kill her, but she managed to catch it anyway.

As if that wasn't one of the most horrifying things he had ever read.

Dialga shows up an hour later. At least THEY look normal

Apparently Akari had a father. She'd never mentioned him before then, but suddenly every other note talks about him. It was…. charming. She obviously really respected the man.

His ace seemed to be a gliscor, one that she drew often now. Its name was Mistralton.

The rest of her father's team is named in a similar fashion, all different locations in Unova. It was a little funny, as she lived in ancient *Sinnoh* not Unova but-

Most of the locations are cities that didn't exist 300 years ago. He couldn't stop thinking about the drawing of the gear station logo

She'd been drawing a lot of people lately, little portraits of the others in her life. There were a few concerning ones such as Commander Komado (who banished her??) and Beni (who tried to assassinate her???) but the rest were drawn with a cheery fondness. She'd been drawing the 'warden's' as well, each posed with the noble they serve.

She didn't draw Sneasler's Warden

A new train picture shows up one morning. Unlike the other doodled trains, this one has obviously had a lot of care put into it. It was a bit wonky, and the proportions were off, but Akari had obviously put a lot of work into it. Emmet thought it was a lovely piece.

The Gear Station Logo was on the train

Emmet's brother had been missing for three years, eight months and 12 days.

Akari's drawings had been showing up for six months and 8 days.

He was started to think those things were related

She drew Lady Sneasler's Warden.

Emmet was not surprised.

He didn't go to work that week

The universe was holding out on him apparently.

Akari had been drawing his brother for a long time, maybe since she first met Lady Sneasler. The art he was missing before, the large gap he had noticed, most of those were either of Ingo or had information about him.

He'd lost his memory, but not his habits, still speaking in train terms and doing his point and calls. Akari had been drawing the trains for him this whole time apparently. It's sweet.

His noble lady seemed quite fond of him as well, many drawings were of her grooming him or carting him around. Akari's notes on Lady Sneasler were mostly related to him, talking about the things he would do for her.

His coat was a mess, and he looked horrifyingly tired, but Emmet was glad to see that he seemed to be doing alright.

He looked happy, which was good enough for Emmet.

Emmet tried not to think about how long he'd been dead

Ingo was Akari's father.

Emmet had been receiving pictures from his niece this whole time.

It explained the Pokémon nicknames at least.

Didn't he have amnesia?

Elesa spent most of the week at his place. It was a good distraction from the horror of his brother's… displacement through time.

He thought about telling her they have a niece.

He decided not to.

He would tell her eventually. She deserved to know

Akari had been drawing a lot of legendaries.

Emmet supposed she could be drawing from description- but he had a sinking feeling that she had been catching them all herself. He hoped Ingo had been helping, Akari was far too young to be capturing and studying gods.

He didn't know how old she was. He wished he could ask his brother

Akari drew him.

Akari drew **Emmet.**

He had been labeled as 'the man in white' but that didn't bother him that much. She drew him which meant Ingo remembered him at least a little bit!

The drawing made him so happy that he ended up keeping it in his wallet.

And it gave him a strange sense of hope

Emmet started converting their office into a bedroom.

It started with a little ralts doll that reminded him of Akari, and then it was a poison themed rug that looked like the sneasels Ingo worked with.

Soon Emmet found his apartment filled with nicknacks he had picked up while thinking about his niece. He didn't want to get rid of them so…

Dialga controlled time right? There was a chance Ingo could come back right?

If he came back, Akari would need a place to stay- and she deserved her own bedroom.

He wasn't sure how he was going to hide this from Elesa

He could not hide it from Elesa.

She had definitely noticed the drawings over the last few months, and that was significantly more subtle than red paint running down his shirt when she came to visit.

Unfortunately, she didn't take 'wanting to change things up' as a valid answer, so Emmet had to tell her everything.

He told her about the pictures- about Akari and zoruas, about sneasels and…

Ingo.

He asked her not to look them up, begged her not to, couldn't stand the fact that someone knew the way his brother died. She simply hugged him, and told him she loved him.

It was silly that he thought she wouldn't believe him, she didn't even make him prove his claims. She just asked why he was painting the office red (it was Akari's favorite color), and asked if she could help.

The company was always nice.

They never talked about the two as if they were dead- instead they spent their time planning Akari's room, hoping that she would like it

Elesa had started learning Kantoen with him. He was, of course, leaps and bounds ahead of her- but she already had some experience from overseas work, and would catch up to him soon.

It quickly devolved into a competition, both trying to become fluent faster then the other.

They wanted to be ready for whenever their brother and niece came home.

On the anniversary of his brother's disappearance, Emmet found Akari's best work yet.

It was a portrait of two people standing side by side, painted with more care and love than he had ever seen from her. He cried when he found it, and Elesa cried when she saw it too. They actually left the apartment that day, much more interested in finding the perfect picture frame for it then grieving in the dark.

Emmet hung it in the living room, front and center, and spent the rest of the day smiling.

Even if he never saw his brother again, he knew that somewhere out there…. Ingo was loved.

It was a picture of two men in monochrome colors, one smiling in white, and one frowning in black. Emmet hoped Ingo loved it just as much as he had

Emmet started wondering if Akari was going to catch every legendary in the region.

And what would happen if she did?

There was an anticipation to Akari's drawings after she caught Enamorus (Emmet didn't know there was a fourth genie- or why the genies were in Sinnoh in the first place. He hoped she was okay).

Each new Pokémon felt like an achievement, like she was getting closer to… whatever it was. Completing the pokedex he supposed, but part of him wondered if it was more than that.

He was getting excited over this for no reason. This wasn't a movie where there's a big happy ending after all of the tribulations. Nothing was going to happen.

Akari caught Arceus.

Emmet's dear niece had caught the creator of the universe- and called it stupid in her notes.

Elesa and him got verrrrry drunk that night.

He was proud of her

There were no more new drawings. After Arceus there was just… nothing. What had once been a daily occurrence had quickly and suddenly stopped, and Emmet was worried.

Elesa tried to console him, tried telling him that Akari was probably just taking a break after catching the creator of everything- but Emmet knew Akari. (As well as you *could* know someone you'd never met)

She didn't just stop drawing, it was her hobby- her fidget! What if she was-

Elesa told him to stop catastrophizing, that everything would be okay. He tried to believe her.

But what if…

A week after the drawings stopped appearing, everything that Akari had drawn over the past year suddenly and abruptly disappeared.

Everything- from the boxes of Pokémon pictures to the portrait on the wall, all of it reverted to the blank paper it had originally been. Not even the photo in his wallet had been spared, a blank scrap of paper where his face once lay sketched out.

He called Elesa, begging *begging* for help, praying that his sister could magically fix what he had lost- but it was to no avail. All she could do was sit and hold him as he cried, the both of them grieving the sudden loss of the only connection to Ingo they had left.

It was the worst thing to happen to him since Ingo disappeared.

Emmet didn't know if he could recover.

How many times must the universe rip his heart in two?

A knock in the middle of the night awoke him. Blearily, he extracted himself from Elesa's arms (careful not to wake her), and made his way to the door. Opening it a tad, he stuck his head out, hoping to scold whoever was knocking on doors in the middle of the night.

The universe has other plans.

Emmet flinched as a yellowish parchment was shoved into his face, the contents of which he couldn't make out in the low light of the hallway.

"Hello! Have you seen this man? We're looking for him!"

A young, high pitched voice was speaking to him in Kantoen. In Unova. In the middle of the night. They were lucky he had been learning the language.

Stepping back a bit, Emmet examined the parchment the (young boy? girl?) shoved in his face. On it was…. well, his face.

His face, drawn in a verrrrrrry familiar art style.

“Akari?”

The parchment was lowered as a familiar face peeked out behind it, Akari looking up at him in confusion and then dawning recognition.

“How did you- wait no, duh. Zoroark”

“I am Emmet, not a zoroark.”

She looked unconvinced, but she pulled a pokeball off her belt anyway- opening it to release a Pokémon Emmet was *also* fairly sure he recognized.

“Is this Popsicle? She is verrrrry lovely, you’ve been taking such good care of her!”

“You know you’re- you’re like, even more suspicious now.”

Emmet didn’t care, he was dreaming after all! A nice dream where his niece came to his apartment looking for him! It’s a shame that Ingo wasn’t here as well.

Popsicle sniffed Emmet before turning to her trainer and barking, shuffling back over to cuddle with the girl.

“Dang? Really? I mean, you uh, you know better than me.” Akari shot him a furtive glance before turning back to her Zoroark “Could you, like, go get Dad? I’ll wait here.”

Never mind! Ingo *was* coming here!

“Would you like to wait inside? Elesa is over as well!”

“Uh no I’ll pass.”

They stood in a peaceful silence, Emmet desperately trying to forget that he was in a dream. He didn’t want to wake up yet, not at least until he got to hug his brother.

“How did you know my name?”

Emmet shrugged, beaming down at his adorable niece.

“You drew yourself! Yep! You wrote, ‘this is me, Akari’ on them. It was nice to have something to call you.”

She squinted at him, but quickly seemed to accept his explanation, muttering something about time travel. He didn’t bother to correct her.

“Akari? Did you find-“

Emmet spun around at the sound of his brother’s voice- grin practically splitting his face in two at the sight of his dear older brother. Ingo stopped at the sight of him, but that didn’t deter Emmet- if he didn’t know how long this dream would last, he was going to make it *count.*

So he tackled Ingo, wrapped his arms around his big brother, his twin, held him close and just. Didn’t let go.

Ingo laughed, his arms reaching around Emmet as well, one of his hands burying itself in his hair. It felt so *real.*

“ *Emmet.* Oh Palkia I missed you, I’m so sorry for my sudden departure.” Emmet just spoke his head and grabbed tighter, his eyes warming with tears.

“I think he was expecting us!” Akari piped up, and Emmet dimly wondered if the dream would be long enough to show her her room. “He recognized me and- and Popsicle from like, old journal entries of mine? So he knew we were coming home!”

“Bravo Emmet! How clever! I would have expected nothing less from you!”

That’s not really what happened, but he wasn’t going to waste time correcting his dream brother- especially since he was praising him.

“Made Akari a bedroom too. Third door on the left.”

“Wait really??”

Emmet nodded, finally pulling his head off his brother's shoulders.

“Elesa helped. We didn’t know what you would like, so we guessed.“

“Can I go see it???”

Emmet's smile was all the confirmation she needed, the young girl

tearing into the apartment at breakneck speeds. Popsicle and- was that Lady Sneasler?- followed behind her, leaving Emmet and Ingo alone in the hallway.

“Elesa… our sister, correct?”

“Mhmm” Emmet wondered if the dream would end if he brought Ingo inside. Even though it was just a dream, Elesa still deserved to see him. “She’s in the living room right now. We were having a sleepover.” Maybe he should bring Freight out, but he was already pushing it as was.

“Should we wake-“

Emmet’s xtrans went off.

He could hear Elesa running to the front door as soon as it started beeping, probably using the ringtone to find his location.

“Emmet?? There is a child in your- INGO?!?”

“Ah hello Elesa! Make sure to watch your volume! We are in-” Elesa slammed into the two of them before he could finish, gripping them so tight Emmet felt as though she gave them bruises.

Maybe it would have if he was awake. Unfortunately, he was still dreaming

“WHAT THE $@&%! WE THOUGHT YOU DIED OR SOMETHING!”

“Language-“

“&$%# NO. I GET TO SAY WHATEVER- wait is the kid in your apartment Akari? Because I am *not* letting go of you- but I would like to hug my niece.”

“Ah yes Emmet did-“

“I get hugs?” Akari peeked her head into the hallway, the stuffed ralts plush Emmet had bought clutched in her hands. It was so unbearably sweet.

“Heck yeah you get hugs! Come’ere sweetheart.”

A soft thud and Akari joined the trio, tucked under Elesa’s arm and buried into Emmet’s side.

Emmet hoped he would never wake up

Emmet woke up.

He woke up and it was all a dream, he had dreamed the whole thing because it was just him and Elesa on his couch, no brother, no niece, because they had died hundreds of years ago, far away and he would never-

Never-

Lady Sneasler was sitting on his floor, eating an oran berry and getting juice stains in his carpet.

Sneasler was an extinct evolution of sneasel.

That was in his apartment.

“What-”

“Ah Emmet! You are awake! Elesa and you seemed quite tired so we thought it best to let you sleep in! I’ve made us bre-“

Emmet moved faster than he ever had in his life, vaulting himself over the couch in an attempt to reach his brother faster. His dumb, idiot older brother who woke up to make him breakfast and wasn’t a dream- he was *realrealrealrealrealrealrealrealreal-*

“I think you broke him Dad.”

“I’m sorry Emmet, should I have woken you? I did not mean to cause you such distress.”

Emmet shook his head, a nervous giggle bursting out of him involuntarily. His brother was back, his niece was with him, everything was good and well with the world and he was just so high of happiness that-

“I’ve spent the past year being haunted by your daughter’s scientific diagrams”

Not the best way or time to broach that topic really, but at the moment, Emmet couldn’t care less.

He was far too happy to care.

End Notes

(Akari was in Hisui for three years so Emmet received three years of drawing in one. Not sure if that was obvious but I thought I should clarify)
I apologize if the tenses are a little off in this story, I don't usually have a problem with that but this time I accidentally switched to present tense randomly when I was writing this. I tried to fix every instance of it but I might've missed some.
I've been wanting to write something like this for ages! Some initial concepts had diary entries or letters but it's always been Emmet inexplicably finding things that Akari made in the past. Of course, I really honed in on the drawing thing after writing chapter two (which was the first chapter I actually wrote lol) so I've been hanging on to this idea for a while!
Feral in Hisui is coming along, the first two chapters are written out (but not edited) and I've been drawing a lot for it (drawing brain is different than writing brain if you could believe it) while Splatoon 3's release date creeps closer and closer. Trying to get as much written up as possible before then, but do expect things to slow after I work through my backlog.
Ideally chapter one should be posted Tuesday but that's subject to change lol. Here's hoping!
Thanks for reading, and I hope to see you soon!
-Blue

P.s. Follow my tumblr for art and updates!
https://blueisquitetired.tumblr.com

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